

Comfort

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-06-18 03:53:25

Updated: 2014-06-18 03:53:25

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:10:45

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,201

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Toothless had nightmares for years and Hiccup has always been there for him. Now it's time for Toothless to return the favor. SPOILERS FOR SEQUEL!

Comfort

****I just watched How to Train Your Dragon 2 and oh my god I don't think I could feel anymore feels. I just needed to write this (I will probably write several HTTYD one-shots over the next couple days just because feels.) WHY DID THEY KILL STOICK, WHY DID THE WRITERS THINK THAT WAS OKAY!? Yeah I needed to write some Hiccup and Toothless bromance fluff. So here it is, fluff. And of course feels. I do not own HTTYD.****

Toothless was the last of his kind. No one told him this, no one needed to, he just felt it in his heart. He had known his parents for a very brief time before they were killed, by vikings no less. And he still had nightmares about it.

Archers shot at the three Nightfuries as they raced across the sky. Toothless was trying desperately to keep up with his parents, he would've been clinging onto his mothers back if it wasn't for the injury, she would buckle because of the pain he was sure if he tried that.

His father on the other hand was trying to fight back, his hide was hot from the fire he was producing and would burn the hatchlings soft belly skin for scales did not grow there until the hatchling was four years of age and Toothless was only two. The father looked ahead at his family, they would need to find a place to land and quick, his mate was losing too much blood and his baby would simply drop because of exhaustion.

_In fact Toothless was starting to falter, his wings would give out and the baby would drop a few meters before jolting himself awake and

start frantically flapping. Yes it was now or never for the family. There was a cave up ahead, it had no protection, more of a ledge really, and was easily accessed from the mainland. The vikings would find them there no doubt but it was the only chance the parents could give the little one._

They landed with Toothless panting heavily, they were safe he thought, they had landed so it must be safe. Then he looked at his mother and knew he was wrong. The female dragon was just bleeding too much, several arrows stuck out of her side and her breathing had become labored.

And yet she still called to her baby. Toothless crept near and let his mother scoop him up, covering her with her wings and telling him, in soft roars and clicks, that everything would be okay. The hatchling almost believed her, and then the fighting started again, he could hear the humans yelling and firing, he could hear his father yelling, screaming, and firing at them again. Toothless could also hear an arrow make contact with the grown Nightfury and an axe that had been thrown, he could smell his fathers blood and hear the thud his body made against the stone floor. He nestled closer to his mother resisting the urge to call out for his Daddy because even at the age of two he understood what those sounds meant. His Daddy was dead.

The voices of the vikings became louder, they spoke in a strange language he didn't understand and he felt the halfhearted rumbling coming from his mother as they approached. There was a slight moments hesitation, a few words exchanged, before an axe came in contact with his mother. The voices grew fainter once again and the vikings left. No one noticed the small head peeking out of it's mothers wings, no one heard the small whimpering sounds the baby made as he realized he was alone.

The whimpering was what had alerted Hiccup that Toothless was having the nightmare again. The one he had almost every night.

"It's okay Buddy, it's okay." He whispered to his best friend. "I'm right here, it's okay." Hiccup stroked Toothless's scales comfortingly, with just enough pressure to wake the dragon.

Toothless jumped back as he always did on those nights, his nose smelling a human scent. The dragon didn't recognize it as Hiccup's yet all he could comprehend in those moments was that a human was near by and a human killed his parents.

"It's just me Buddy, it's just me." Hiccup whispered an arm outstretched towards him. Slowly the Nightfury crept closer, his breathing heavy. "Just me." Hiccup said again a bit louder.

Then as always Toothless touched his nose to Hiccup's hand and visibly relaxed.

"There you go Bud. Just me." Hiccup rubbed the dragon's nose looking at his friend with concern, Toothless looked like he was about to cry, if dragons even could do such a thing. He looked at Hiccup with such a helpless expression that the boy had to hug him.

And Toothless returned the hug, wrapping him in both his wings and

legs, holding him tight as if he was afraid Hiccup might disappear and leave him alone once again. And there they stayed, until the first rays of dawn awoke them.

That had gone on for years. Hiccup comforting Toothless, and now it was up to Toothless to return the favor. It was now Hiccup having the nightmares.

Every night Hiccup found himself on that iceberg replaying his fathers death over and over in his mind. What could he have done? If he hadn't tried to reason with the madman everything would have been okay. Stoick would still be here. But he had and now every time he closed his eyes he was back there watching helplessly as his father was burnt to a crisp by his own dragon.

It was now Hiccup that whimpered and moaned to alert Toothless that he was having a nightmare and every night Toothless would do just what Hiccup had done for him.

Roaring softly the Nightfury nudged the boy, gently awakening him. The boy stared at him for a moment rage and hate filling his expression until the dragon flinched away and looked down, ashamed for his actions. He blamed himself, if he had just been able to fight it Hiccup wouldn't have to go through what he had every night for so long. That tearful eyed expression contorted Toothless's features and the dragon turned to leave for he knew that one night Hiccup would order it. What else would you want of your father's murderer?

But then tears filled Hiccups eyes. "Don't go, please Buddy I need you." He whispered. That's all the dragon needed, he turned on his heel(s) and nuzzled his rider, licking tears off his face.

'It's okay.' Toothless roared. 'It'll get better. I promise.' And some how Hiccup knew just what he meant.

"I k-know Bud." He sniffled. "I know." And then he latched on to his dragon crying into Toothless's neck, holding on to him for dear life, afraid that if he let go Toothless would vanish, just like his father. And soon they both fell asleep, comforted by each other's presence.

Yeah, I'm sorryâ€¦|...don't hurt me.

End
file.